

TRIBUNE JUNIOR FORUM

Tribune Junior Forum

Published in the interest of boys and girls, to furnish information and amusement and to give them an opportunity to express themselves.

All contributions and letters should be addressed to the Editor of the Tribune Junior Forum, New-York Tribune, 154 Nassau Street.

PRIZES FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

Are there not among the readers of the Tribune Junior Forum some young photographers? Now is the time when you can go outdoors, so now is the time when you can take very good pictures.

Why not send some of your snapshots to the editor of this page? If they are up to the standard they will be published with the photographer's name and they will be an inspiration to other children.

Send them in soon, so that they can be published soon.

Write your name, address and age on the back of each photograph and also on an extra sheet of paper. Send stamps if you want the picture returned. If there is no stamp you will never see it again!

Each Sunday a silver pin will be mailed to the child whose photograph is published.

THE POSTMAN

By Selma Rosenthal.

The postman's life is very gay. In snow or rain or sleet He's out, and no one says to him "Now, do not wet your feet!"

And then, his bag's so interesting. So very full of things That folks have sent to other folks. He whistles when he rings.

That means that some one in our house (Not I—though I still hope) Is going to get a thought or two Tucked in an envelope.

I wonder where he gets 'em from. And what the letters say? I wonder if there'll ever be One just for me, some day?

And, if there is, will mine be like The ones my aunts get? Theirs make them smile the whole day long And call me "dear" and "pet."

Or will it be like those I've seen The postman bring to cook? Hers make her cry, or give her face A very queer, sad look.

Why can't the postman mix 'em up? Why should he always bring To aunts the jolly letters, but To cook no pleasant things?

When mine comes—if it ever does— And it's a smiley one, I'll give it straight to cooky, 'cause She ought to have some fun.

But if it is a sad one—then I'll say, "For mercy's sake! Oh, Postman, take this letter back! You've made a slight mistake!"

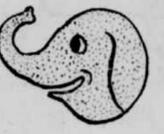
THE HARE A MOON SYMBOL.

In Germany the hare is an important figure at Easter as St. Nicholas is at Christmas. The white hare creeps into the house of all good children and hides eggs for them in odd corners on Easter Eve, just as Santa Claus leaves stockings full of gifts by the fireplace for those who deserve them on Christmas Eve. On Easter morning each family goes through its house egg hunting.

The connection between Easter and the hare lies in the fact that the date on which Easter occurs depends upon the moon, and the hare has always been a symbol for the moon. Like the moon, it shuns the day. The hare is born with its eyes open—the fables say they are never closed—just as the moon is the open-eyed guardian of the night. From its wide-awakeness the hare has come to be identified with the earth's awakening—the real New Year, which occurs when Nature renews herself—and therefore the hare symbolizes the renewal or rebirth of the soul which Easter celebrates.



EDIE AND EDDIE AN ELEPHANTASY



When you children of the Forum see this somewhat scrambled mess— You will wonder what has happened To our little friends, I guess.

And to make the situation Somewhat clearer you must strive To pick out the little pictures— One, two, three; then four and five.

Ed and Edie lost each other— They were drawn too far apart. But the finish shows the triumph Of affection over art.

Which is very gratifying. For affection, when it's true, Is a thing that draws us closer— Ed and Edie and us and you.

So, perhaps, all things considered, This mixed up and scrambled mess Has a very happy ending. And a moral, too, I guess.

ALL ABOUT APPLE BABY

By Rebecca Deming Moore.

Apple Baby lived in a tree out in the orchard with many other apple babies. Their house was a gnarled, brown branch that grew so low that Dicky Boy could easily look at Apple Baby. He thought Apple Baby's bonnet was the prettiest one that he had ever seen. Indeed, it was a wonderful little bonnet. It was pink, just the color of little sister's cheeks when she woke up from her nap. It was crinkled like the rill on little sister's own bonnet, and it had the oddest little bob of green in the back, like a rosette of ribbon. Yet this pretty bonnet had no strings at all. Wasn't that strange?

But it was a very pretty bonnet, so pretty that Dicky had never thought of looking inside it to find Apple Baby's face.

You can all imagine how badly Dicky felt one day when he went out to see his friend to find that Apple Baby had lost her bonnet completely. It was gone, quite gone, all but the odd little bob of green in the back. And just inside the bob of green, there was a yellow fuzzy fringe that he hadn't noticed before. Dicky Boy looked up into the sky to see if perhaps the wind had carried the pink bonnet away. Then he looked down, and there on the ground was Apple Baby's bonnet, but it had dropped apart into five separate pieces!

Dicky was sorry about Apple Baby's bonnet, but he was so busy in his garden that he forgot all about it until one day he happened to be playing under the branch where Apple Baby lived.

"Oh," he cried, "my Apple Baby has a dress now!" And so she had. It was a bright green dress and it was very smooth and shiny like satin.

"What a funny little button!" he called to mother.

"That is all that is left of the green rosette that used to be on the back of your Apple Baby's bonnet," said mother. "Just watch and see what is going to happen to Apple Baby's dress."

Dicky Boy came to watch Apple Baby every day now, and he noticed that her dress grew fuller and fuller. Then it was streaked with red, and by and by it became a very pretty glossy red all over.

There came a day when Dicky found Apple Baby lying on the ground under her old home in the tree. He picked her up and tossed her into the air.

"Listen, mother," he cried, "Apple Baby has something in her pocket."

"Look in and see, Dicky Boy," said mother.

This is what he found in Apple Baby's pocket—twelve shiny brown seeds in a paper case. "When the seeds are brown the apple is ripe," mother told him.

So Dicky Boy ate Apple Baby, which was quite the right thing to do, because apples are made to be eaten. And while he was eating mother told him a little more of Apple Baby's story.

"Do you remember how sorry you were when Apple Baby lost her bonnet?" she

AN ESSAY ON CATS.

A schoolboy wrote an essay on cats. The following information was supplied in the chapter on different breeds: "Cats that are made for little boys and

and about twenty feet from shallow water was seized with a cramp. Roger Simpson immediately went to his rescue. However, the drowning boy was more than he could handle. Realizing that he could not drag the boy to shallow water alone, he immediately called to his companions to form themselves into a living chain. He continued his hold on young Buell, and in turn was seized by Baird Stone, who led the chain of boys into the water. Buell was unconscious when landed and young Simpson



the stamens of the flower. But when the petals dropped and then the stamens, the tiny apple grew larger and larger. The seeds were growing larger, too, in the papery case that you call the core.

"And that is the end of Apple Baby's story," said mother.

But it wasn't the end, after all, for Dicky Boy planted the seeds in a flower pot, and who knows what happened then?

THE CAUSE.

Freddy, while marching out in line at school one day stumbled and came near

girls to man and tease is called Maltese cats. Some cats is known by their queer purrs—these are called Purrain cats. Cats with very bad tempers is called Angorise cats. Cats with deep feelings is called Feline cats."—World's Chronicle.

PUZZLES AND ANSWERS

JUMSBLED ANIMALS.

M U N L A C R B
T O F G W E D

The names of at least eighteen well known animals may be spelled from these fifteen letters without using any letter more than once in the same name. See if you can find out what they are. Perhaps you can make more than eighteen names.

MATHEMATICAL SQUARE.

Put numbers up to 25 in these squares.

so that they will add up to 65 when added horizontally or perpendicularly.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

Example: Behead to prattle and leave a price; again, and leave consumed. Prate, rate, ate.

1. Behead a trail and leave a contest; again, and leave one.
2. Behead to chide and leave frozen; again, and leave aged.
3. Behead not fresh and leave a story; again, and leave a beverage.
4. Behead a tablet used by children for writing and leave tardy; again, and leave devoured.
5. Behead to dress fussily and leave a

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in sorrow, but not in grief; My second in plant, but not in leaf; My third is in root, but not in stem; My fourth is in pearl, but not in gem; My fifth is in winter, but not in spring; My sixth is in bud, but not in wing; My seventh is in flutter, but not in fly; My eighth is in current, but not in pier; My ninth is in frock, but not in gown; My tenth is in yellow, but not in brown. My whole, thick smothered in cream, you eat. No springtime fruit is a nicer treat.

Puzzle Answers

BURIED PROVERB.

Small cheer and a great welcome makes a merry feast.

ADDITIONS.

Man-drake. Man-see. Man-tle deli. Man-kind. (Man-ache-L.) Man-acle. Mantel (Tel). Man-chu (chew).

A HUMAN CHAIN SAVES SCOUTS.

The Rev. Edmund True Simpson, Scout Master of Hood River, Oregon, writes: "We have a couple of boys who ought to get medals for lifesaving, because they have saved the lives of two fellow Scouts by forming a human life chain. These Scouts were in swimming in a pond not far from Hood River. Chester Buell, while in the middle of the pool

HOW DOES IT GET ACROSS?

At a certain Eastern university one of the professors was conducting an examination in physiology. He asked for a description of the circulation.

The youth he called upon evidently did not know much about the matter, for he replied that the blood went down one leg and up the other!—Youth's Companion.

EMPEROR IS SILENT.

His companion made no reply, but the soldier chatted away quite at his ease, telling him of the aged parents who were so proud of him, and the dear little "Greta," who would one day become his wife.

"Where do you live?" inquired his ma-

EMPEROR GIVES "A LIFT."

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I thought that perhaps you would give me a lift, as I should not be of inconvenience to you. My uniform is a new one and I don't want to get it spoiled."

It was a fine, handsome young fellow, with a frank and open face. The Emperor was much taken by his appearance and invited him to jump in. In a few minutes they were chatting together as if they had been well acquainted, and the soldier treated his new friend to a glowing account of a pleasant day he had lately spent with an old comrade.

"He gave me a famous dinner, I can tell you," he concluded, and the Emperor, much amused, inquired of what this had consisted.

"GUESS WHAT I HAD."

"Guess," cried the soldier, chuckling with delight at the recollection of his feast.

"Cabbage soup, perhaps?" questioned his majesty, with an indulgent smile.

"Somp," indeed!" the soldier exclaimed with much contempt. "Better than that, you must guess again."

"A calf's head, then?" said the Emperor.

"Better than that, even?" was the laughing answer, and the same reply was given when the Emperor suggested a big slice of ham.

"Much better than that!" cried the soldier, triumphantly. "I had a roast pheasant, and one that I shot myself on his majesty's estate, for my friend is now one of the Emperor's gamekeepers. It was delicious, and no mistake."

BUBBLE BLOWING UP TO DATE.

When you want something to do on wet days try straw bubbles, for they are far less "stopy" than those blown with pipe.

If you use straws instead of pipes you will only be able to take up a very little water from the basin, so little that you cannot soil your clothes or the furniture. Straw blowing is a little more difficult to do than pipe blowing, so it is more

BETTER THAN THAT

AN AUSTRIAN TALE.

Joseph was one of Austria's greatest Emperors, and many trembled at his frown. The monarchs of other lands paid court to him, and he was the envy of all; but he often grew weary of the cares of state and longed for a more simple life than he could live in his palace.

His greatest pleasure at such times was to leave his nobles, and wander unattended, so plainly dressed that he might have been one of his poorer subjects, through the streets of his grand capital. Sometimes he would go for a ramble in the surrounding country, finding in the company of the woodfolk and the rustling of the forest leaves far more delight than in the gorgeous functions at the palace.

JOSEPH DRIVES ALONE.

One Sunday in autumn, when the trees had donned their richest garb of red and orange, he determined to go for a long drive, and taking an unpretentious buggy and one of the fleetest horses in his stable set off by himself.

Though the sky had been cloudless when he started, and the people he met were dressed in their best, as if had weather were out of the question, the wind blew long a sharp shower made him raise the hood of his buggy. The citizens now were hurrying to shelter, and he, too, thought it well to return. He had not driven far upon the homeward road when a soldier accosted him, little guessing to whom he spoke.

As they neared the city, "The rain has ceased, but I should like to drive you home."

Much gratified by this further kindness the soldier thanked him warmly, and bugged that he would tell him his name.

"GUESS, SAID JOSEPH."

"Ah! it is your turn to guess now," remarked the Emperor. "Who do you think I am?"

"Perhaps you also have something to do with the army," hazarded the soldier with a searching look. The Emperor nodded.

"You are a private soldier?" was the next guess.

"Better than that," the Emperor smilingly returned.

"A lieutenant, then?"

"Better than that!" stammered the soldier, beginning to feel alarmed.

"Better than that, I assure you."

"Perhaps, then, you are a general?" the man said timidly, and then in des-



peration, as the Emperor shook his head, he suggested "a field marshal."

"Better than that!" said the Emperor once more, and the soldier turned pale with terror.

THE EMPEROR!

"Then you must be his majesty himself!" he gasped, and would have sprung from the buggy if the Emperor had not prevented him.

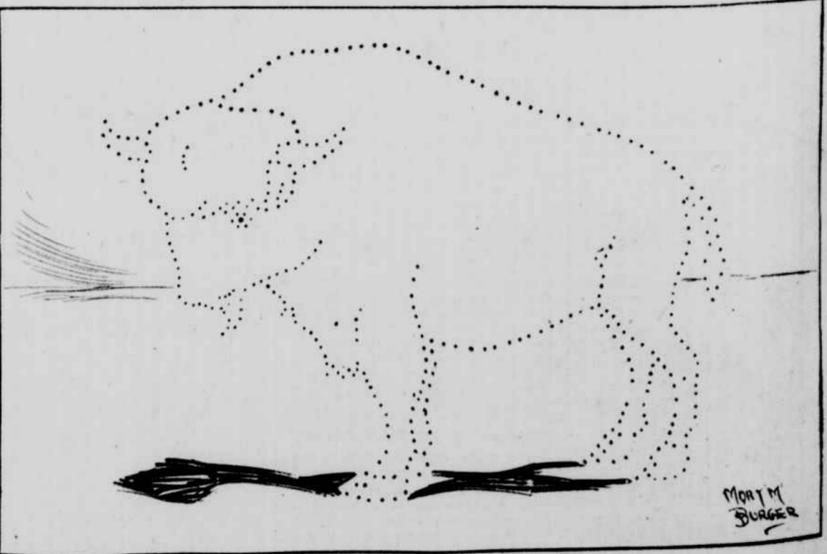
"We will keep to our bargain," he said, and insisted upon driving him right up to his home. On the way he gave the young man some good advice that he never forgot, and ended by saying, with a kindly twinkle in his deep-set eyes: "And be careful in the future not to kill pheasants before first obtaining the owner's permission, or to tell tales of your friends to the first stranger who comes your way."

(By permission of Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.)

"Busy Betty"

It's hard to keep my playroom clean
And neat as it should be,
When dollies drop their things around
So very carelessly.
Here is Matilda's picture-book,
And naughty little Fred
Just threw his marbles on the floor
Before he went to bed!

Elizabeth Kirkman



Cut out the animal around the heavy outside border and then mount it on cardboard. After you have done this take a hatpin and punch holes throughout the outline of the animal along the dotted edges. Insert a sharp pointed pencil through holes, and you will be able to draw the animal.